

## The Office Force

By Bide Dudley

"I AM by the papers," said Poppie, the shipping clerk, as he put his pen behind his ear. "That somebody put a hen in the parcel post mail and she laid an egg. That certainly takes the cake, eh?" Bobbie, the office boy, glanced sideways at him and replied calmly: "The layer cake, I presume you mean." Miss Primm, private secretary to the boss, gave him a questioning look. "You probably consider that a joke. Well, it isn't. It's merely an amusing remark." Then she turned to Poppie. "What kind of a hen was it, Mr. Poppie?" she asked. "Gama, I think, the paper said," he replied. "Sort of a shell game, wasn't it?" asked Bobbie. "I don't see the point," announced Miss Primm. "I think that's a pretty good joke," said Miss Tillie, the blond stenographer. "Don't you see—the egg had a shell and the hen was of the same variety? I'd have called her a strange bird, though." "Strange—why?" asked Miss Primm. "Because she was a mail hen, as it were." "Wrong!" sang out Bobbie. "Hens are roosters only at night." "That's terribly cheap humor," snapped Miss Primm. "I'd call it fowl humor," said Poppie.

"Has everybody here gone crazy?" replied Miss Primm. "I'm going to find another place to work if you people don't stop being so silly." "Oh, say," came from Spooner, the bookkeeper, "let's change the subject and try to be pleasant. I see the army is needing officers." "Yes," said Bobbie, calmly, "but in a few weeks the corn country out West will furnish plenty of kernels." "Bobbie," said Miss Primm, firmly, "I have in my pocketbook a ticket to the baseball game that I intended to give you. Now, however, I shall give it to like, the janitor. If you only knew it, those silly jokes of yours make you very unpopular around here." Bobbie looked serious and was quiet. Poppie grinned. "Now Bobbie can't see Tris Cobb hit 'am out," he said. "Tris Cobb, you mean," grunted the boy. Then he smiled again. "All right," he said, "I seen him yesterday. Say, he's some player. I almost yelled my head off when he caught that ship in the third inning." "Ship?" said Miss Primm. "What do you mean?" "If I were Bobbie's mother," said the private secretary fiercely, "I'd get a 'ub and beat'!"

The appearance of Mr. Snooks, the boss, cut her declaration short. "Good morning, folks!" said the boss pleasantly. Everybody smiled but Bobbie. "What's wrong, kid?" asked Mr. Snooks. "I was thinking I'd like to go to the ball game to-day," said Bobbie, "but I don't suppose I can get away." "Sure you can!" came from the boss. Then he turned to Miss Primm. "I understand your cousin didn't reach town, Miss Primm," he said. "Guess you won't need that baseball ticket. Give it to Bobbie, please, and I'll get you another when your cousin comes." Miss Primm handed over the ticket with a smile. "I was going to give it to Bobbie, anyway," she said. The boss went into his private office and closed the door. There was silence a moment and then Bobbie could hold in no longer. "So nice of you, my dear Miss Primm!" he said. "You go straight up, will you?" snapped the private secretary. And the morning discussion was over.

## "S' MATTER POP?"



## HENRY HASENPFEFFER

He Even Owes His Tailor an Apology!

By Bud Counihan



## FLOOEY AND AXEL

Axel Wants to Fight, but NOT on the Train!

By Vic



## ADDED LETTER PUZZLES

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No. 5.

THE eleven letters in the squares above have been arranged to conceal a word of ten letters. An extra letter which is not in the original word has been added to make solving this puzzle more difficult.

Using the blank squares in the top row, see if you can print the hidden word. A little hint to help you: The word begins with the letter "G." The word in Thursday's puzzle was "DEPARTMENT," the added letter being an "a."

## YOU!

By Arthur Baer.

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## THOSE GIRLS!

By Jack Callahan.



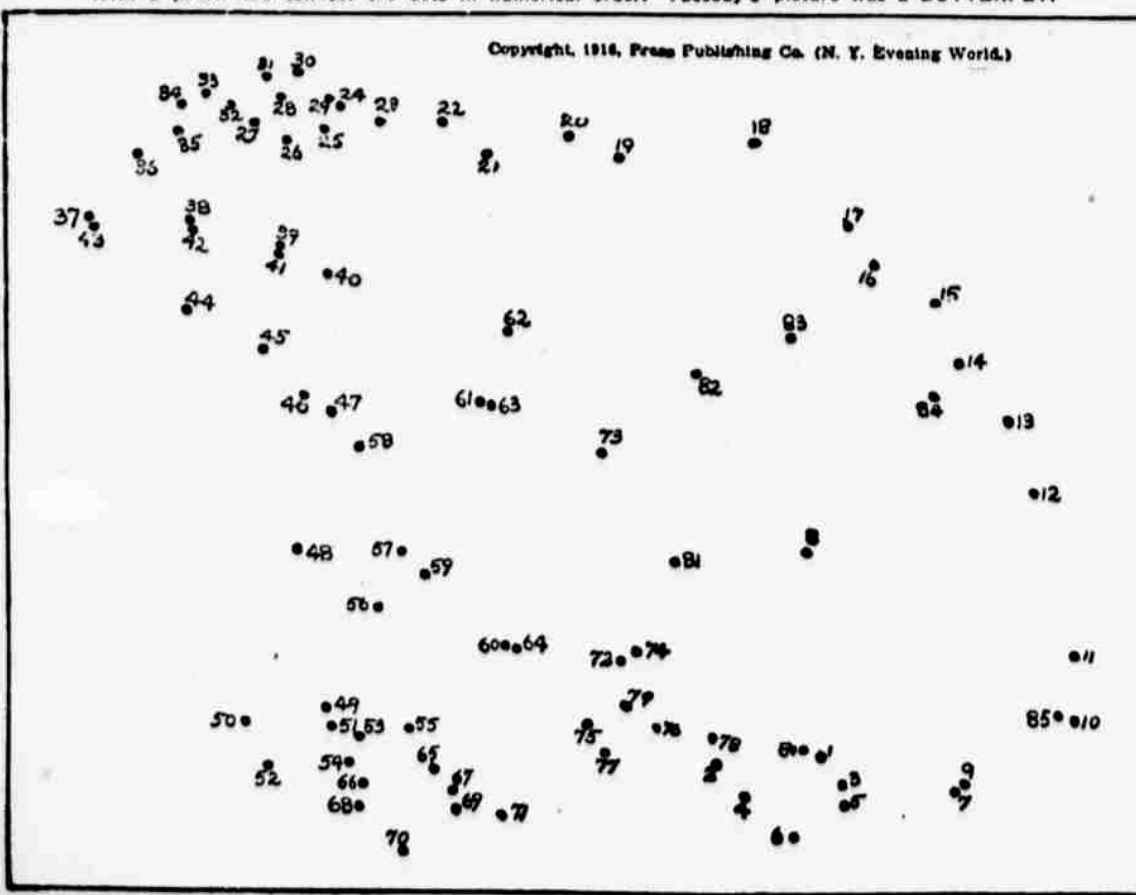
## LIFE'S LITTLE "IFS"



## WHAT TOMMY SAW ON THE FARM

By Ferd G. Long

With a pencil line connect the dots in numerical order. Tuesday's picture was a BUTTERFLY.



## GOOD STORIES OF THE DAY.

**Like Mexico.**  
A SENATOR was talking about Mexico. "Will there ever be peace there again?" he said. "I'm afraid not—unless we make peace there with a couple of army corps. Mexico, in fact, reminds me of the Browns. "The Browns were always on the outs. High words were heard coming from their flat one day, and a neighbor said: "Oh, dear, have the Browns had a new quarrel?" "No," answered another neighbor, "but they've patched up the old one till it's as good as new."—Washington Times.

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**Valuable Possessions.**  
ELIZABETH and Sarah were two little girls who made acquaintance at school. One day they were playing together and began boasting of their possessions. "We keep four servants," said Elizabeth proudly, "and have got two automobiles and a great big house. Now what have you got?" Sarah hesitated for a moment, then with equal pride, replied: "We've got a skunk under one barn."—Harper's Magazine.

**Treatment All Laid Out.**  
AN Irish quack doctor was being examined at an inquest upon the treatment of a patient who had been in his care. "I gave him ippecacuanha," he said. "You might just as well have given him the aurora borealis," replied the Coroner. "Indeed, Yer Honor, an' that's just what Old had given him next, if he hadn't unfortunately died."—Boston Transcript.